

[Love You Like it's the End of the World](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

Sequel to [Close Encounters](#)

It didn't mean anything, Lance thought, as his thoughts kept drifting back to the memory of Keith's lips on his.

It didn't mean anything, he tried to convince himself, as Keith glared at him across the dinner table and he remembered how warm Keith's hands had been on his bare shoulders.

It didn't *mean* anything. Except that it does.

Love You Like it's the End of the World

Author's Note:

Some people wanted a sequel and I especially wanted to write a sequel, so HERE IT BE.

Title is from "End of the World" by A Great Big World, which is my #1 Klance song, terrible grammar and all.

Lance was blessed with many awesome gifts, including his fantastic good look, incredible piloting skills, and mastery of the art of seduction. It was pretty great, especially now that he was a renowned space hero and the whole universe knew how cool he was. Not that it was possible to look anything less than *sick* behind the control panel of a giant robot.

But in life, all things had to be held in balance, and Lance, of course, had his own flaws to balance out his talents.

One of those was the inability to shut his mouth.

His worst, and most recent case of blabbermouthery happened when Keith came back onto the castle-ship holding this badass galra sword, which seriously, why didn't Shiro let Lance come on that mission? Lance wanted a purple, glowy sword. Not that he was jealous.

"Why'd they give you a fancy weapon?" Lance asked, and Keith's hand went for the sword on his hip, fingers curled loosely around the hilt. The sword lit up, the bright afterimages seared on Lance's retinas for a few seconds, and then it was a dagger in Keith's palm, barely the length from wrist-to-fingertips. "Holy whoa! How did you do that!?" Lance bounded over like an excited puppy, grabbing for the weapon. "I wanna try!"

"It only works for galra," Keith said, snatching it back before Lance could touch it.

The Paladins all gave him varying odd looks, except for Shiro, who had an encouraging smile on his face and a hand on Keith's shoulder. "You don't have to say anything if you're not ready," he said, but even if Keith hadn't said anything, there were clearly some gears clicking around in his fellow Paladins' brains.

"It's cool." Keith sighed, his chest visibly rising and falling. "I'm galra," he said. "Or, part galra... I don't know. I've suspected for a while, but today confirmed it."

Allura was out of the room before he finished. Keith stared after her, brows folding in the center. "I'm gonna..." Shiro began, taking a hesitant step in Allura's direction. Keith nodded to him, and he squeezed Keith's shoulder before taking off after her, probably to give her some "what to do when your friend is part of a warmongering alien species" counseling.

Lance's shocked silence didn't last for long. "Oh my god," he said, quietly to himself, like he was having a revelation, which he kinda was. "Oh my god," louder. "I've kissed an alien."

"Dude, that mermaid sticking her jellyfish-hat on your face did *not* count as a kiss," Hunk said, until the lightbulb clicked on and, "wait, you kissed *Keith*? When? Why?"

"What the hell, Lance?" Keith spat, grip clenching on the dagger, like he was about to stab it through Lance's eye.

Lance shrugged. "I mean, yeah, it didn't mean anything. We just, y'know. It was when we were all so tired, we were delusional!" His voice pitched higher and higher with every sentence. "It wasn't, like, a *thing*!"

"God, shut up," Keith grumbled, walking past Lance and jamming his shoulder purposefully against Lance's, making him stumble a few steps to the side. "Don't mention that again," Keith spat over his shoulder as he stalked out of the room, probably off to bandage his wounds. If he hadn't just been such an asshole, Lance might've helped him, too.

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It didn't *mean* anything, he swore up and down, as he stalked across the observation deck in the middle of the night, unable to sleep because he kept dreaming about Keith pressing him against the wall of the elevator, taking his mouth, claiming him, pouring everything into him.

He found himself leaning with his face against the glass, looking down, like he could fall straight into space. The semi-panic at that mental image distracted himself from his thoughts racing in circles around Keith, Keith, *Keith*, and he leaned his full weight against the window. They had bare hours until Shiro would take the black Lion to bait Zarkon into chasing them across the universe and the Paladins would fight for their lives against an intergalactic empire, and Lance was focused on *kissing boys* of all things.

He mumbled a string of curses that would impress Pidge and appall Shiro, and wandered back to his room.

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"Keith," Lance said into the comms. He'd been hit again, and his brain was in a wild 50/50 between *I am going to fucking die* and *I am going to get out of this, no matter what*. "Keith, do you copy?"

"What," Keith said, voice gritted out like he couldn't be bothered. Lance didn't blame him, they were fighting hard, not exactly the time for casual conversation or his particular brand of witty banter.

"I need to tell you something."

"Spit it out." Keith was a little staticky over the comms, like their connection wasn't great.

"It meant something." Lance dodged another fleet of Galra fighters, blowing them to bits on the turnaround. "That kiss. It meant something to me."

Keith's, "me too," was too soft to have been spoken during a firefight.

"If we live through this," Lance promised, "I'll kiss you again. Right in the hangar."

"I'll hold you to it," Keith said, and Lance saw his lion making a vicious turn around the mothership, savagely taking out everything in its path. Keith was fighting for the fate of the universe, for his life, yeah, but he was also fighting for *Lance*, and it made something in his blood run hot, and pushed all doubt from his mind. They were coming out of this alive.

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Lance didn't get to kiss Keith as soon as they touched down in the hangar, because everyone was too busy figuring out where the hell Shiro had gone (Lance included, he was terrified at the thought of losing Shiro). Once the panic settled, Pidge and Hunk set right into modifying the ship's tracking system so it could search for the data in Shiro's arm, and Allura pulled up the map to get *something* going that Lance didn't entirely understand.

Keith paced.

Back and forth across the observation deck, in and out of the white lights of Allura's map. He occasionally disturbed her search progress by bumping something, but it didn't stop him, pacing and folding and unfolding his arms. He was driving Lance nuts just *doing* it, and Lance was about two seconds from telling him to *stay in one place, goddamnit*.

Instead, he shot to his feet. "I promised I'd do something," he said, loud enough that Keith stopped mid-step and turned to look at him. Allura was still poking around her map, no time for Lance's antics, but Pidge and Hunk looked up, and Lance walked toward Keith, trying to seem determined and like his hands weren't sweaty and his heart wasn't racing. He was about to sweep this boy off his feet.

Turns out, Lance couldn't actually sweep Keith off his feet, because Keith was pretty damn solid, but he did pull him in by the right shoulder and his opposite hip, and he kissed him as firm and dramatic as he could. Keith froze for a second, and Lance worried that maybe what he said in the heat of the battle wasn't how he actually felt, but then, Keith kissed him back, both hands on the sides of Lance's face, just as warm as he had been before. God, it felt like years ago instead of days.

It didn't last long, the two of them popping apart after a few good seconds. Keith looked at him for a minute, then glanced over Lance's shoulder at Pidge and Hunk. Lance didn't look, couldn't, because they'd be staring.

"Lance," Keith said, his voice cracking all over, like it was a glass someone had thrown off a rooftop. He pitched forward and hugged Lance, almost knocking him off-balance, burying his face in Lance's shoulder.

"I'm sorry," Lance said, so quietly only Keith could hear. "I'm sorry I said it didn't mean anything."

"Shut up," Keith replied, but he sounded almost *teary*, what the actual fuck. He dislodged himself from Lance's arms and after a moment of looking like he had no idea what to do, he walked away in the direction of the training room.

Lance finally took a minute to look around. Allura was frozen, arms still out like she had paused in the middle of searching the map and hadn't moved since. Pidge and Hunk were, as predicted, staring. "What?" Lance asked, and everyone snapped back into what they were doing before. "So what! I kissed Keith, okay! I *like* Keith! This surprises me more than *any* of you, so don't even start." He felt like his face was on fire. He probably *looked* like his face was on fire.

Lance stalked off down the hall, following Keith, because he'd be *damned* if he didn't ask that man to be his boyfriend *right now*.

Author's Note:

Yell with me about space kids on tumblr @luddlestons!